

the wheelers by twittterpated

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Summary:

will and his boyfriend eric babysit holly. eric doesn't know anything about children, and will isn't sure how to handle things. it's okay in the end . . . sorta.

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Author's Note:

eric belongs to my friend!! this is also from 2020. let me live

It was a really, really weird situation. Weird circumstances, weird timing, just overall really, really, *really* weird.

Somehow, Will ended up babysitting Mike's younger sister.

Oh, and Eric was here.

Will didn't know how this happened, or how this was allowed, considering Eric and Mike weren't... friends. To him, they just seemed like strangers who tolerated each other's presence. For some reason, Mrs. Wheeler liked Eric a lot. Will wasn't sure how considering Mike probably talked poorly on him. But, whatever. Here they were, babysitting a kid.

Holly was six, which was kind of crazy, but it was true. But that also meant Holly wasn't a dumb baby. She could walk, and talk, and do stuff. And Will turned into a bit of a nervous-nelly, just like his mother, at this realization. The door had just shut as Mister and Missus Wheeler left the house. Mike was with El, and Nancy was probably with his older brother. Whatever. They could do this.

It felt like a weird stare-off between two teens and a toddler.

No, Holly wasn't a toddler by any means. Why did Will think that? And why was Will so nervous about this? He'd been around Holly since the girl was a baby, it shouldn't be that hard!

Eric leaning in closer to him made him forget what he was thinking about. Will turned his head slightly, to look at Eric better while keeping an eye on Holly who just... stared. Eric clearly was going to say something quietly, with how close he was getting, but it still made butterflies wake up in his stomach.

"Is it nice?" Eric asked, skeptically. "It's a Wheeler, so it can't be."

Will snorted, hand brushing against Eric's. "Holly's fine. She's good, I think. From what I know at least."

"Can we just.. put her to bed? And then go watch a movie or something?" Eric asked, and Will felt a hand skim over his lower back and brush upwards. Will swallowed hard, a small surge of desperation pushing through him at the thought of being alone with Eric, even just for a moment. He snapped out of it when Holly bounded to the living room, probably to go play with some toys that were out.

"I-- what? Eric, it's like, two in the afternoon," Will laughed, leaning more into Eric. It felt domestic to him, even though they were only teenagers. It felt nice. Will watched as Eric's perfect lips pulled into a cheeky, teasing, grin.

"Yeah? What about a compromise? I'll kill it first, and if it turns out it was friendly, I'll apologize." Eric's hand settled on Will's hip and tugged him into his side. Will looked up at him, eyes wide. Eric's smile just seemed to get bigger.

"Eric!" Will exclaimed, slapping his chest lightly. "We can't-- No! We can't do that!" He laughed slightly, shocked by the offer. Eric shrugged and moved closer to Will, but a crash from the living room sent Will moving away from Eric and rushing to see why Holly was wailing.

It was only a few hours later when Holly passed out from exhaustion, and Eric was holding a pack of peas to his forehead. Will snickered, curled into his side.

"I went to the bathroom and I was gone for like, five minutes! How," Will burst into quiet giggles, "how did you manage to get a shoe to the face?"

"I don't know," Eric grumbled, turning his face away after Will pressed a kiss to his cheek.

"You shouldn't be trusted with small children, should you?"